

Shogo's mother is a bar hostess; his father could be any one of a dozen of her regular patrons. Growing up, he learns nothing of genuine love and tenderness, and when he witnesses his mother in the nearest approximation of which she's capable—lustful embrace—he receives a merciless beating soon afterwards. Shogo comes to hate the very notion of love. But goddesses, who are neither the Buddha nor Christ, do not excuse misfortunes of upbringing.

Apollo's Song reaches Olympian heights of tragedy as the story proceeds from a boxcar bound for a Nazi concentration camp to a dystopian future where human beings are persecuted by an ascendant race of their own clones. Will Shogo ever attain redemption, or, like the human race itself, will he have to relearn the lessons of love forever? Is it better to have loved and lost if the heartbreak must recur eternally?


Love, propagation, nature, war, death—Tezuka holds his trademark cornucopia of concerns together with striking characterizations, an unfailing sense of pacing, and of course, stunning imagery.

Though marked by a salty pessimism, this unique masterpiece from Tezuka's transitional period is also unabashedly romantic—and, at times, profoundly erotic. Combining a classic tale of thwarted love with cognitive ambiguities reminiscent of the work of Philip K. Dick, *Apollo's Song* is guaranteed to plumb new depths of the human heart with each rereading.



OSAMU
TEZUKA

手塚治虫



APOLLO'S SONG

APOLLO'S SONG

OSAMU TEZUKA

|| VERTICAL.

TRANSLATION — CAMELLIA NIEH
PRODUCTION — HIROKO MIZUNO
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C O N T E N T S

PROLOGUE: UNION OF THE GODS

5

1/ DIE BLUMEN UND DIE LEICHE

44

2/ NO MAN'S LAND

81

3/ THE COACH

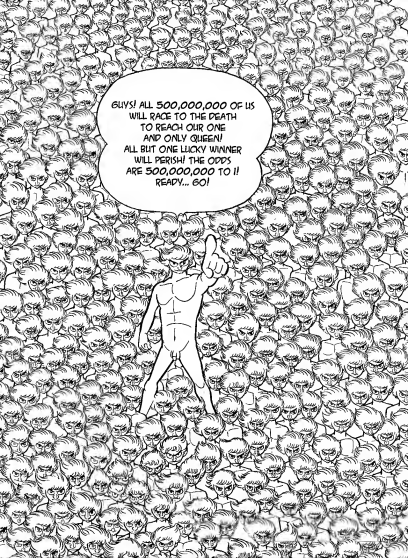
172

4/ QUEEN SIGMA

287

5/ LOVERS' HILL

451

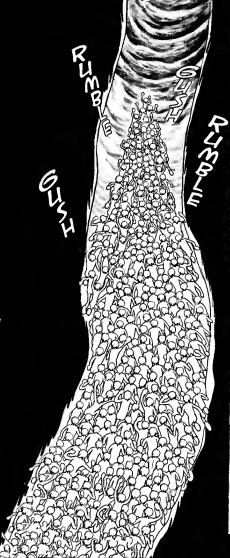
A black and white illustration of a massive crowd of identical men. Each man has a stern, angry expression, furrowed brows, and a small tuft of hair. They are all wearing simple, form-fitting suits. In the center of the crowd, one man stands slightly taller than the others, pointing his right index finger straight up. A large speech bubble originates from this central figure, containing text that describes a deadly competition. The background is completely filled with the heads and shoulders of the other men, creating a sense of a vast, overwhelming sea of identical individuals.

GUYS! ALL 500,000,000 OF US
WILL RACE TO THE DEATH
TO REACH OUR ONE
AND ONLY QUEEN!
ALL BUT ONE LUCKY WINNER
WILL PERISH! THE ODDS
ARE 500,000,000 TO 1!
READY... GO!



PROLOGUE: UNION OF THE GODS







HEY,
OUTTA THE WAY!
I SAW HER FIRST!

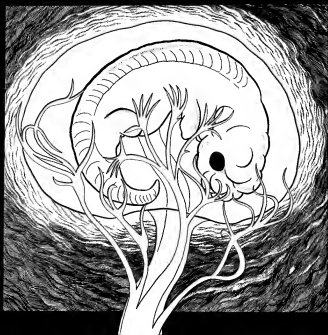
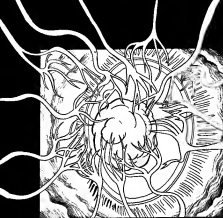
YEAH, BUT
WHOEVER GETS
THERE FIRST WINS!

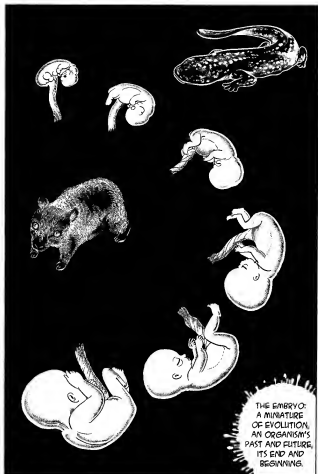
SHUT UP!
YOU ALL CAN
DROP DEAD!



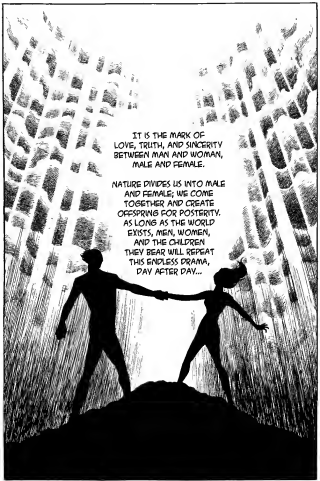








THE EMBRYO:
A MINIATURE
OF EVOLUTION,
AN ORGANISM'S
PAST AND FUTURE,
ITS END AND
BEGINNING.



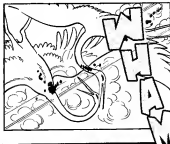
IT IS THE MARK OF
LOVE, TRUTH, AND SINCERITY
BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN,
MALE AND FEMALE.

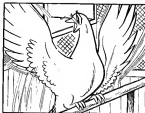
NATURE DIVIDES US INTO MALE
AND FEMALE; WE COME
TOGETHER AND CREATE
OFFSPRING FOR POSTERITY.
AS LONG AS THE WORLD
EXISTS, MEN, WOMEN,
AND THE CHILDREN
THEY BEAR WILL REPEAT
THIS ENDLESS DRAMA,
DAY AFTER DAY...

APOLLO'S SONG





















BUT
AT THE
MOMENT
I WAS
BORN,
I WAS
CUT OFF
FROM
HER.

SHE WAS
BUSY,
AND HER
BREASTS
DIDN'T
HAVE A
DROP
OF MILK.

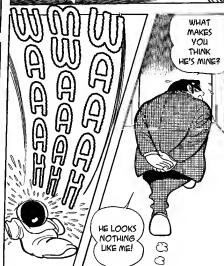
WAAAAAH
WAAAAH
WAAAAH



NO
BREAST
MILK?

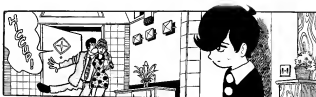
GIVE HIM
FORMULA,
THEN.



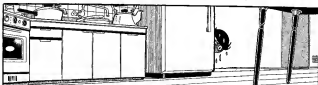
















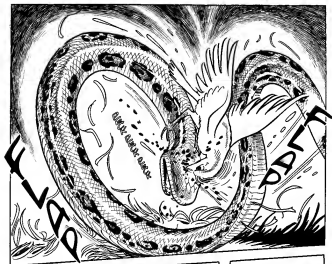


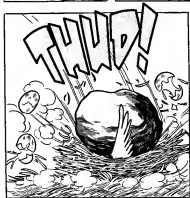
I'VE DESPISED MY MOTHER
EVER SINCE THAT DAY...
OR RATHER,
I BEGAN TO HATE
WHAT GOES ON
BETWEEN MEN AND
WOMEN...

IT'S NOT JUST
HUMANS, EITHER.
WHEN I SEE
MALE AND FEMALE
ANIMALS SHOWING
TENDERNESS
TO ONE
ANOTHER,
I JUST WANT
TO KILL THEM.











THAT'S
ALL.

I'VE
SAID
IT
ALL.



SHOGO,
THOU
MUST BE
PUNISHED.

WHY?
ISN'T IT
ENOUGH
THAT
I'M IN THE
HOSPITAL?



THOU HAST
DISDAINED
THE BEAUTY
AND SANCTITY
OF LOVE.

NOW
RECEIVE
THY JUST
DESERTS!

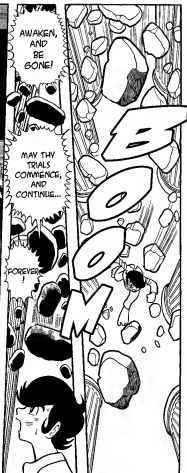


THOU SHALT
LOVE
ONE WOMAN
AGAIN
AND AGAIN.
BUT BEFORE
THE TWO
ARE
UNITED
IN LOVE,
ONE SHALL
PERISH.



EVEN IN
DEATH,
THOU
SHALT BE
REBORN,
TO UNDERGO
YET
ANOTHER
TRIAL OF
LOVE!

THOU
SHALT
SUFFER,
FOR
ETERNITY!



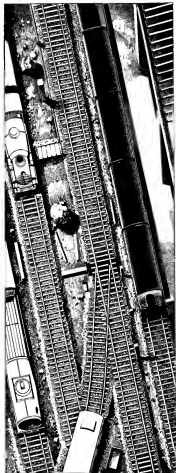
AWAKEN,
AND
BE
GONE!

MAY THY
TRIALS
COMMENCE,
AND
CONTINUE...

FOREVER!
!









CHAPTER 1: DIE BLUMEN UND DIE LEICHE

[FLOWERS AND THE CORPSE]









WONDER
WHEN
THE WAR WILL
BE OVER,
EH, SONNY?



DON'T CALL
ME THAT.
MY NAME'S
SHOBO
CHIKAISHI.



WHAT
A WEIRD
NAME
FOR A
GERMAN!



IT'S THE
NAME
I WAS
BORN
WITH.



FINE
...

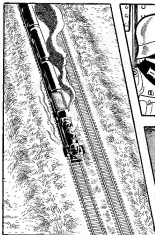
I USED TO BE
A BAKER.
BEFORE THE WAR,
KIDS LIKE YOU
FLOCKED TO
MY SHOP.
THAT'S ALL OVER
NOW...

THE BREAD'S AWFUL
AND IT'S RATIONED
TO BOOT. AH, I WISH
THIS WAR WOULD
HURRY UP AND END.
I DON'T CARE
WHO WINS...

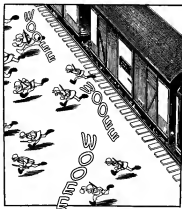


NOW TELL
ME, SONNY,
HOW DID
YOU GET
DRAFTED?

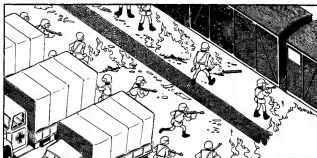


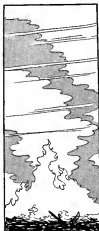








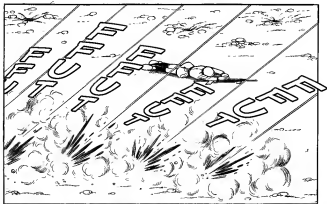






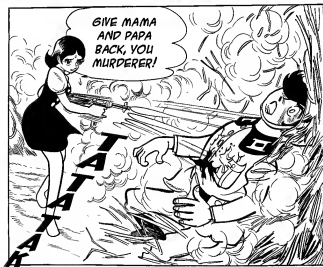






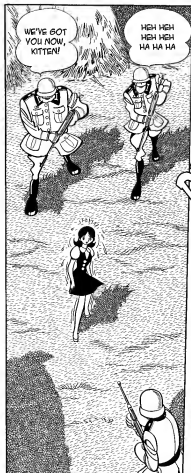


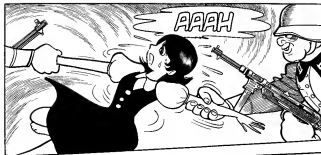










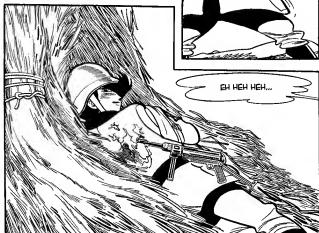




HEH
HEH
HEHN



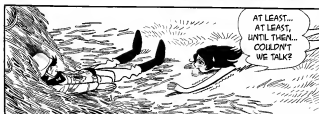
YEOWCH
!!





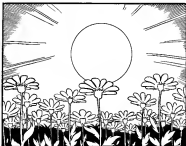
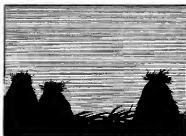






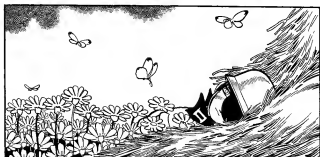
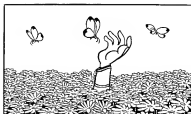


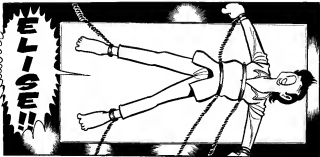














HOW DARE YOU TEAR US APART!



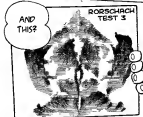
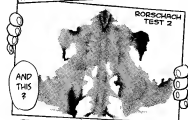
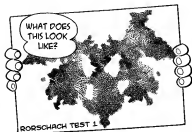
CHAPTER 2: NO MAN'S LAND

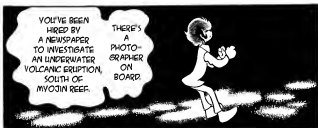




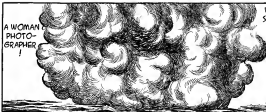








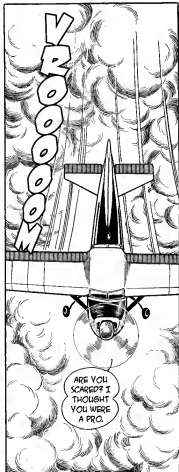
A WOMAN
PHOTO-
GRAPHER
!



WHAT'S MORE,
SHE'S THE TYPE
YOU HATE:
ARTSY-FARTSY,
STUCK UP
BECAUSE SHE
GRADUATED
FROM A
TOP SCHOOL,
AND SELF-
CENTERED!



BUT WORK
IS WORK,
SO YOU
HAVE TO
PUT UP
WITH HER.





RUNNING
AWAY?
HEE
HEE...

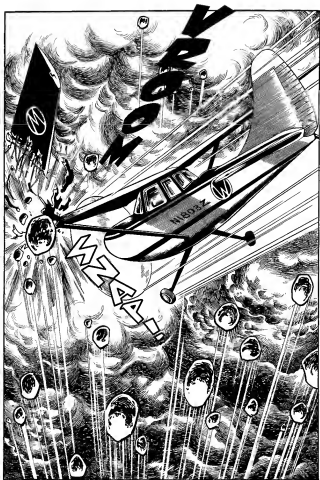
WHAT'S
SO
FUNNY?

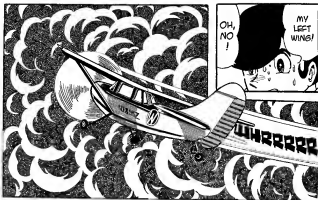
AFRAID
TO
DIE?

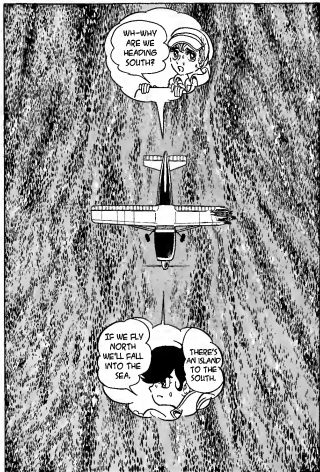
I'M
NOT HERE
TO DO
AEROBATICS.

I'M PAYING
YOU
100,000
YEN!
YOU KNOW
I'M NOT
HERE
TO TAKE
JUST ANY
OLD PHOTOS.

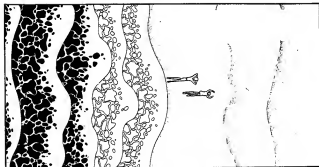








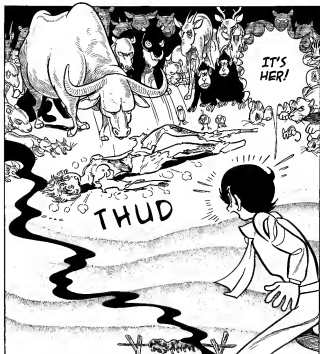
















SHE'S STILL
BREATHING,
BUT JUST BARELY...
I HAVE TO DO
WHAT I CAN.



WATCHING
OVER ME,
HUH?



SHE'S STILL
UNCON-
SCIOUS.



THESE
WOUNDS
ARE
AWFUL
...

SHE
MIGHT
NOT
MAKE
IT...



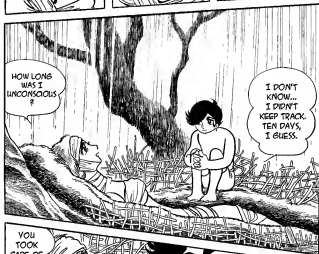












HOW LONG
WAS I
UNCONSCIOUS
?

I DON'T
KNOW...
I DIDN'T
KEEP TRACK.
TEN DAYS,
I GUESS.



YOU
TOOK
CARE OF
ME?

YEAH... TO BE HONEST,
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE A GONER.



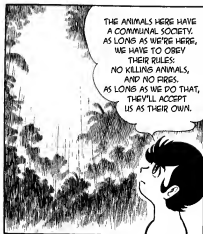
THANK YOU...
WHEN WE
GET BACK
TO TOKYO,
I'LL BE SURE
TO REPAY
YOU.



IT'S NOT
GOING TO
BE THAT
EASY...

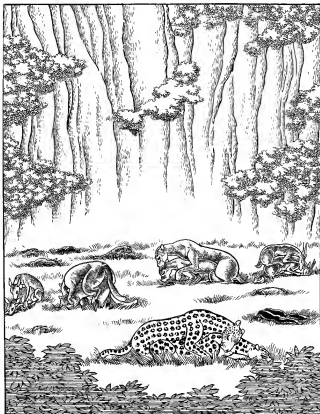
IT'LL
BE HARD
TO GET
RESCUED.

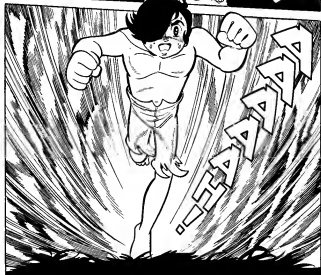


















SO HOW COME
MEN AND
WOMEN HAVE
SO MANY
STUPID
PROBLEMS
THAT ANIMALS
DON'T?



WE SAY
WE
LOVE
SOMEONE

THEN
CHEAT AND
LIE... HATE
EACH OTHER
AND BREAK
UP...



THAT'S BECAUSE
WE'RE MORE
ADVANCED THAN
ANIMALS!



WHEN I SAW THE
ANIMALS MATING IN
THEIR CLEARING...
I WAS DEEPLY
MOVED.

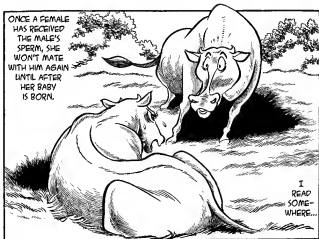


BEING
ADVANCED
MEANS
HAVING
MORE
PROBLEMS?



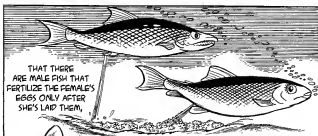


ONCE A FEMALE
HAS RECEIVED
THE MALE'S
SPERM, SHE
WON'T MATE
WITH HIM AGAIN
UNTIL AFTER
HER BABY
IS BORN.



I
READ
SOME-
WHERE...

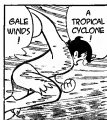
THAT THERE
ARE MALE FISH
THAT
FERTILIZE THE FEMALE'S
EGGS ONLY AFTER
SHE'S LAID THEM,



AND MALE
INSECTS WHO
DIE AFTER
THEY'VE
DELIVERED
THEIR SEED TO
A FEMALE—
THEIR WORK
DONE.









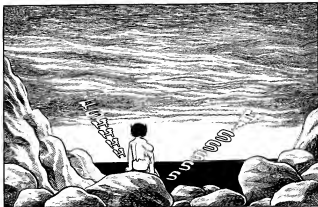






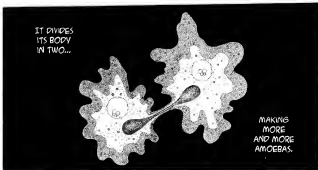








THE LOWLY
AMOEBA
DOESN'T
HAVE THIS
MALE AND
FEMALE CRAP.



IT DIVIDES
ITS BODY
IN TWO...

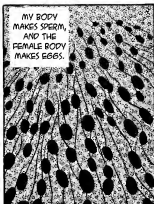
MAKING
MORE
AND MORE
AMOEBAS.



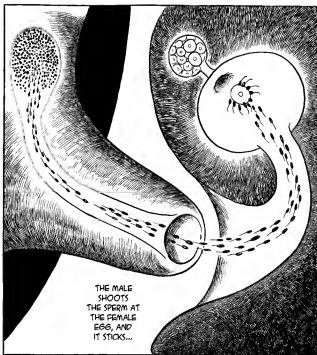
IT'D BE
EASIER IF
HUMANS
COULD DO
THAT, TOO.



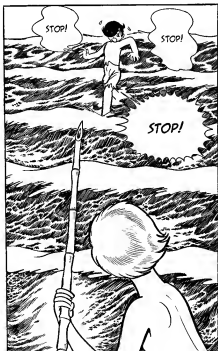
SEX!

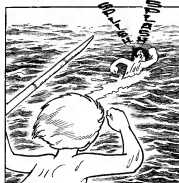
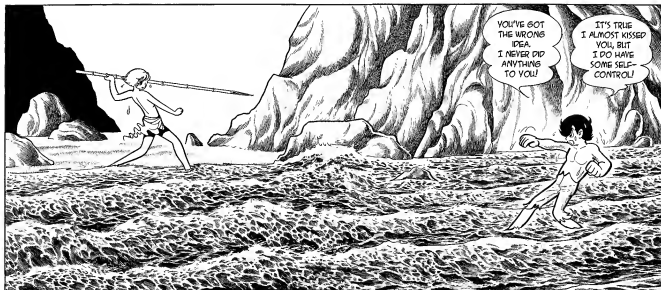


MY BODY
MAKES SPERM,
AND THE
FEMALE BODY
MAKES EGGS.



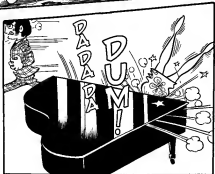
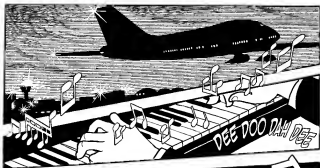








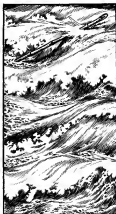




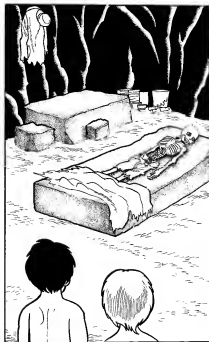












TO THE
PERSON
WHO
DISCOVERS
MY
REMAINS:

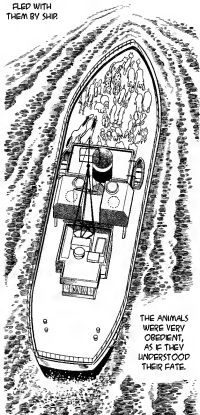
I AM
KAZUYOSHI
FUKUMOTO,
HEAD ZOOKEEPER
OF THE HANSHIN
ZOO IN KOBE.

THE ANIMALS
HERE ARE THE
DESCENDANTS
OF THOSE I
BROUGHT TO
THIS ISLAND.

DURING THAT MOST
UNPLEASANT WAR,
THE ARMY ORDERED US
TO POISON
THE ANIMALS.
I LOST A LOT OF
SLEEP FROM WORRY.



IN THE END,
I GATHERED A
SMALL GROUP OF
MALE AND FEMALE
ANIMALS AND
FLED WITH
THEM BY SHIP.



THE ANIMALS
WERE VERY
OBEDIENT,
AS IF THEY
UNDERSTOOD
THEIR FATE.



I RELEASED
THE ANIMALS
ON THIS
ISLAND, AND
CARED FOR
THEM AS I HAD
AT THE ZOO.

I TOLD THEM
REPEATEDLY
NOT TO
PREY ON
ONE
ANOTHER.

WHEN YOU
SPEAK TO
ANIMALS
FROM
THE HEART,
THEY
HEAR YOU.

THE ANIMALS
UNDERSTOOD,
AND THEY LIVED
TOGETHER
PEACEFULLY.

SOON, THERE
WAS NO LONGER
ANY DISTINCTION
BETWEEN
ANIMAL, BIRD,
OR HUMAN ON
THIS ISLAND.



I AM FRAIL
NOW, AND
SOON I WILL
DIE. I AM GLAD
THAT I WILL
BECOME ONE
WITH THE SOIL
OF THIS
ISLAND.

I PRAY THAT THIS
PLACE REMAINS
A PARADISE FOR
ALL LIVING THINGS,
UNTAINTED BY WAR,
SLAUGHTER,
AND INVASION.

A
PARADISE
!

DON'T
WORRY,
OLD MAN.
WE'LL
NEVER
HARM
THESE
ANIMALS.

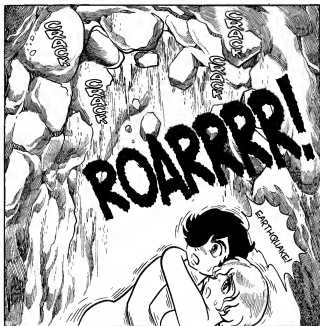






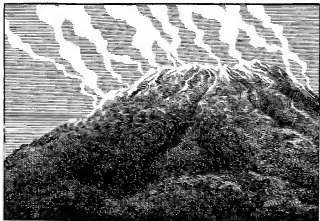




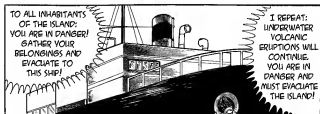


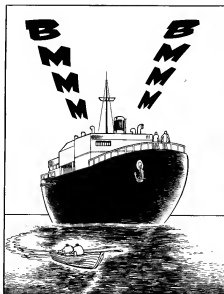
















WHAT HAVE WE
HERE? YOU LOOK
JUST LIKE A PAIR OF
CASTAWAYS!



WE ARE! OUR
PLANE CRASHED,
AND WE WASHED
UP HERE.



JUST THE
TWO OF
YOU, EH?
HUBBA HUBBA!



HEHEHE
HEHEHE.

WIFE
THOSE GRINS
OFF YOUR
FACES.



LET'S
GET THE
ANIMALS
ON BOARD.

ARE YOU
KIDDING?
WHO'S GOING
TO LOOK
AFTER THEM?



THESE ANIMALS
HAVE LIVED
PEACEFULLY
ON THIS
ISLAND FOR
DECADES!



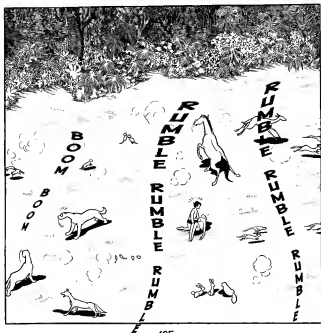
WE CAN'T
JUST LET
THEM DIE!
WE MUST
RESCUE
THEM!

THIS IS
HOW YOU
HANDLE
THAT LOT...









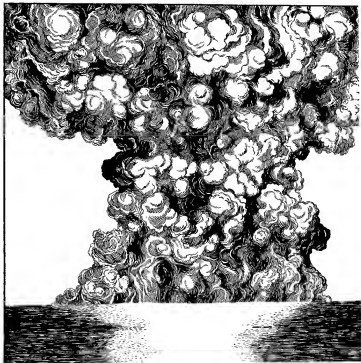
















I USED
SUGGESTION...
HYPNOSIS,
YOU MIGHT
SAY.

I PUT YOU IN A
SUGGESTIBLE STATE
AND THEN TOLD
YOU THE STORY.
I MADE IT ALL UP,
BUT YOU FELT
YOU WERE
REALLY LIVING
THROUGH IT.



BASTARD!
TRYING
TO PLAY
ME FOR
A FOOL?



YOU'RE NOT
ILL, SHOBO...
BUT THE
WINDOW TO
YOUR HEART
IS BLOCKED
SOMEHOW.

UNLIKE
THE OTHER
PATIENTS
HERE,
YOU COULD
RECOVER
WITH JUST A
LITTLE PUSH
IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION.



HOW
LONG
DO YOU
INTEND
TO
KEEP ME
LOCKED
UP HERE,
DOC?



THAT'S
WHY...



HE JUST STANDS THERE LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME?



YES, AND IF YOU RAISE ONE OF HIS HANDS, HE'LL STAY LIKE THAT FOR HOURS, HOLDING IT IN THE AIR.



THIS PATIENT SITS AND BABBLES HAPPILY ON AND ON...



WHAT DOES SHE SAY?

IT'S ALL NON-SENSE.

THE ORIGINAL PURPOSE OF THE KITCHEN ROASTER IS TO COOK FISH BUT YOU CAN ALSO USE IT TO BAKE BREAD AND IT MAKES PERFECTLY BROWNED TOAST EVEN BETTER THAN A REAL TOASTER. EVEN YOU CAN TOAST SEVERAL YES NEW YEAR'S RICE CAKES FOR NEW YEAR'S AT ONCE FOR STUDENTS LIVING ALONE AWAY FROM THEIR PARENTS AND SINGLE PEOPLE LIVING ALONE IT'S JUST THE THING A SUNNYSIDE UP SUNNYSIDE UP SUNNYSIDE UP 6000 IS NO 6000 IF THE WHITE IS TOO HARD IT'S NO 6000 IF THE WHITE IS TOO HARD IF A FRYING PAN THE WHITE



THIS PATIENT HAS A CONDITION COMMON AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE... THEY BECOME COMPLETELY EMOTIONALLY DESOLATE AND END UP LIKE THIS...



IT'S VERY HARD TO CURE... IT AFFECTS 70% OF THE PATIENTS IN ALL HOSPITALS LIKE THIS ONE.



TRAGIC, ISN'T IT?







HOMICIDAL
PERVERSION.
KILLED FIVE
PEOPLE...

SHE FEELS
ABSOLUTELY
NO GUILT OVER IT.
FOR HER,
PEOPLE DYING
IS THE FUNNIEST
THING EVER.

MASOCHISM.
SHE TAKES
PLEASURE
IN INJURING
HERSELF.

SHE'D
LOVE FOR
SOMEONE
TO
TORMENT
HER OR
BEAT HER
HALF TO
DEATH.

WANT
TO SEE
EVEN
WORSE?

...WHERE
DO I
FALL IN
ALL OF
THIS?

IF YOUR PSYCHE
CONTINUES TO
DETERIORATE

YOU'LL BE
JOINING THIS
CREW BEFORE
LONG.

HEHE, WOW!
THERE WERE A LOT
OF WEIRDOS IN
JUVENILE DETENTION,
BUT THIS PLACE
TAKES THE CAKE!

DON'T BE AN IDIOT!
YOU CAN'T GIVE UP HOPE
LIKE THAT. YOU'RE GOING TO
GET BETTER AND GET OUT
OF THIS PLACE!



FINE, DOC, LET
ME ASK YOU
A QUESTION.



HOW MANY TRULY
GOOD PEOPLE
ARE THERE OUT
IN SOCIETY?



MY MOTHER FOOLED
AROUND WITH DOZENS
OF MEN AND ONLY
HAD ME BECAUSE SHE
HAD NO CHOICE!



SHE HAD
NO PROBLEM
LYING TO
ALL OF
THEM!

WAS SHE GOOD?
AND IF SO,
HOW COME
I ENDED
UP THIS WAY?



DO YOU THINK
I'M A GOOD
PERSON,
SHOBO?



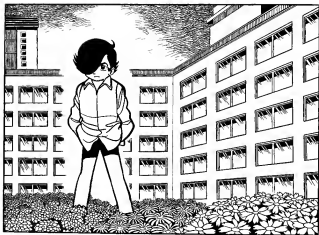
YOU'RE A
DOCTOR,
SO YOU
MUST BE
A PRETTY
DECENT
MAN.



I...





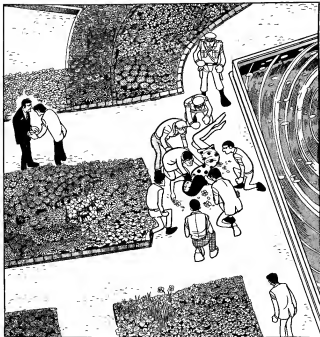


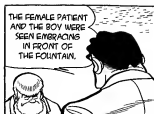


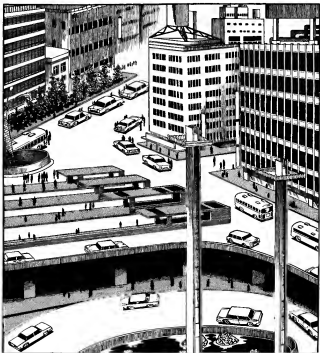


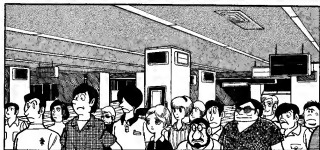




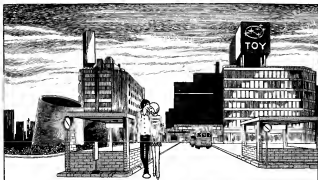






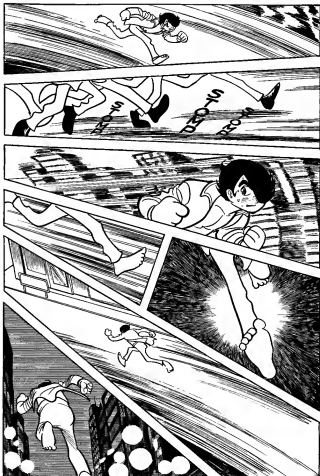


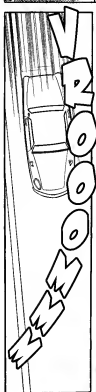








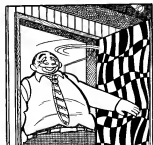




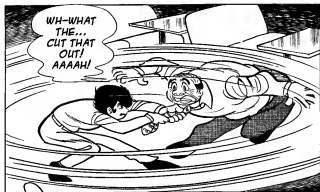




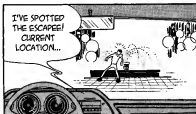
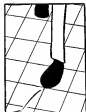


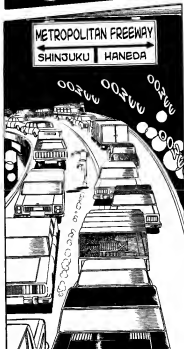




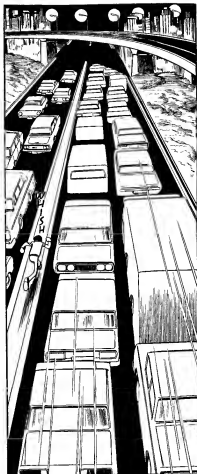








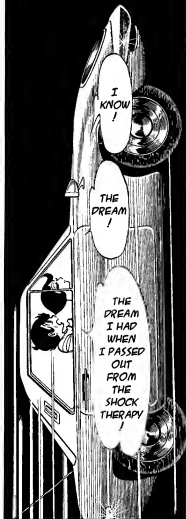




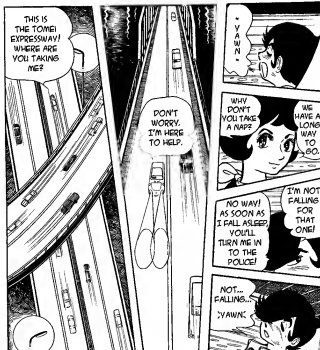
































WHY IS SHE
MAKING ME
DO THIS?

「HUFF」

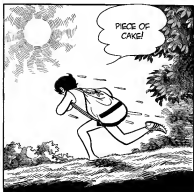
「PUFF」



THERE'S NO
NEED TO RUN...
EVEN IF I WALK,
IT WON'T TAKE
ALL DAY.

STUPID ME,
GETTING
ALL
WORKED
UP!



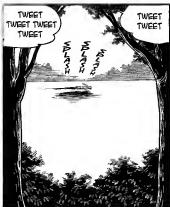


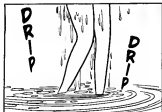
















PLEASE...
OKAY,
YOU WIN.

I'LL TELL
YOU LATER...
JUST LET
ME CHANGE
CLOTHES
FIRST.



NOT
SO
FAST!

I'M NOT
FALLING
FOR THAT!
HEHEHEH...



YOU'RE NOT GOING
ANYWHERE!
HA HA HA, HEHEH,
HA HA HA HA!



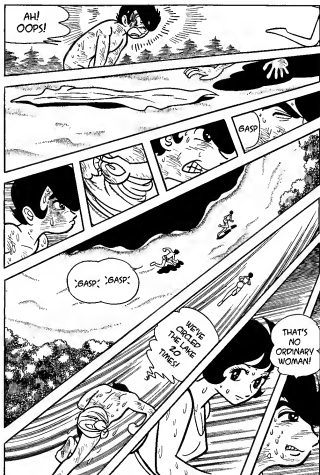
YOU
BULLY!



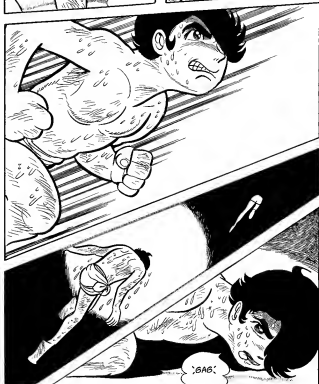
WAAH
HA HA!
HEE HEE!



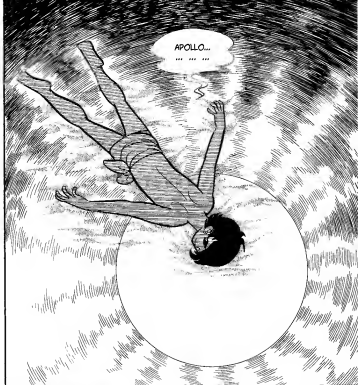
















YOU'RE TOO
EXHAUSTED
TO MOVE.

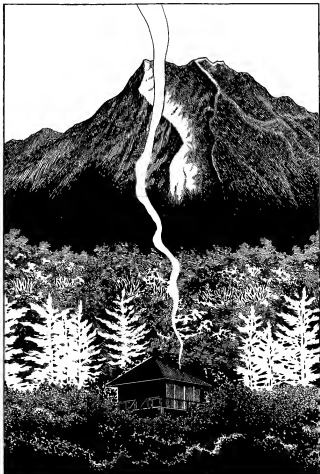
YOU'RE FREE NOW.
EVEN IF YOU STAY
HERE WITH ME,
IT'S UP TO YOU
TO TRY TO BECOME
A MARATHON
RUNNER
OR NOT.

SO THERE...
THAT'S
MY EXCUSE.











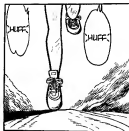


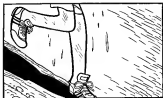


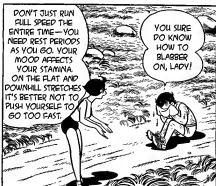


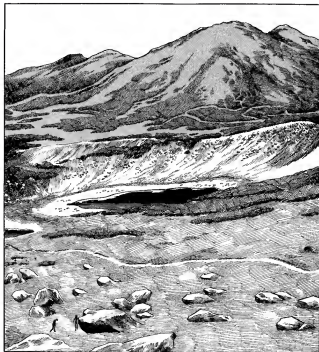














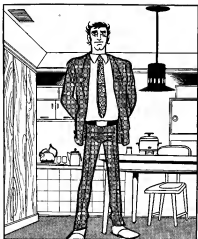




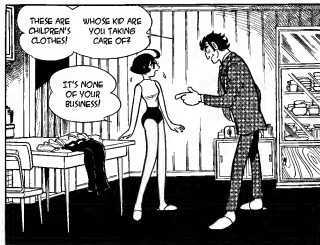




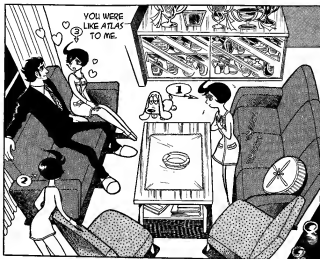














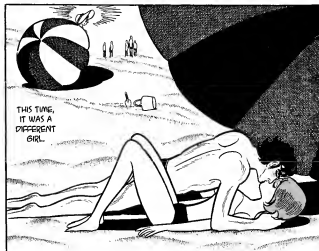


I SAW
SOMETHING
THERE
THAT I
SHOULDN'T
HAVE.



I WENT
ONE DAY
TO THE
TRAINING
ARENA TO
BRING YOU
A MESSAGE
FROM MY
FATHER.





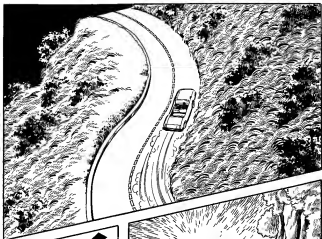


AFTER THAT,
WHENEVER
I SAW YOU,
IT WAS LIKE
I COULDN'T
HEAR
ANYTHING
YOU SAID.

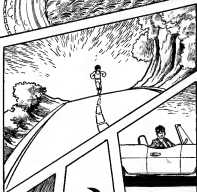








POOF
POOF



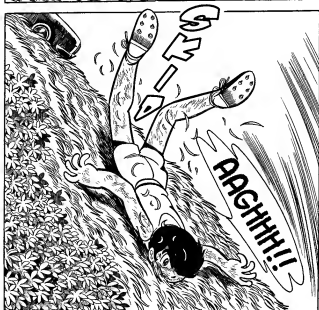
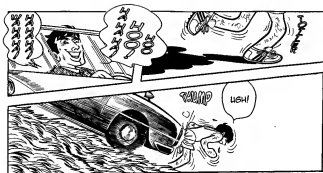






















CHAPTER 4: QUEEN SIGMA

MY
HEAD'S
SPLITTING
!

WHERE ON
EARTH AM I?
WHAT
DID I
DO TO
DESERVE
THIS?

MY NAME
IS... SHO...
SHOBO
CHIKASHI!
THAT'S ALL I
REMEMBER...
UHH!

HEY,
CHIKASHI
!

THIS
WAY.

WHO
ARE YOU?
YOU'RE
DEFINITELY
NOT
A COP,
I'D SAY.







NO PROBLEM.
LET US START
FROM THE
BEGINNING...

THERE
ARE TWO
TYPES OF
HUMANOID
ON EARTH
NOW.

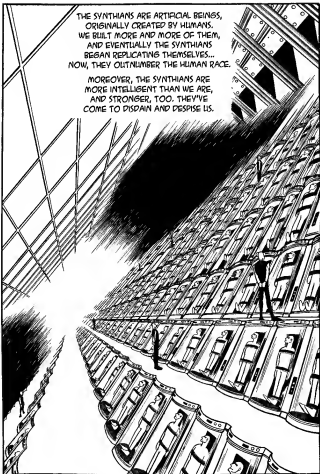
REGULAR
HUMAN BEINGS,
LIKE US,
AND
SYNTHIANS.

HOMO
SAPIENS

HOMO
LACTEUS

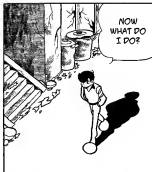
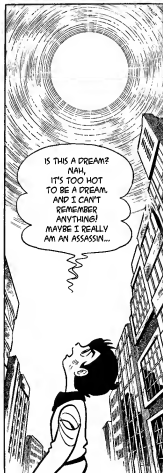
THE SYNTHIANS ARE ARTIFICIAL BEINGS,
ORIGINALLY CREATED BY HUMANS.
WE BUILT MORE AND MORE OF THEM,
AND EVENTUALLY THE SYNTHIANS
BEGAN REPLICATING THEMSELVES...
NOW, THEY OUTNUMBER THE HUMAN RACE.

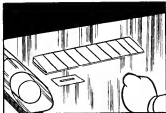
MOREOVER, THE SYNTHIANS ARE
MORE INTELLIGENT THAN WE ARE,
AND STRONGER, TOO. THEY'VE
COME TO DISDAIN AND DESPISE US.



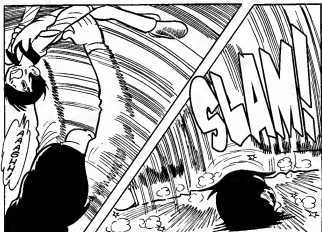






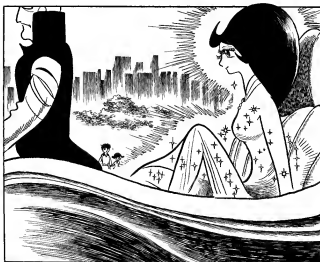


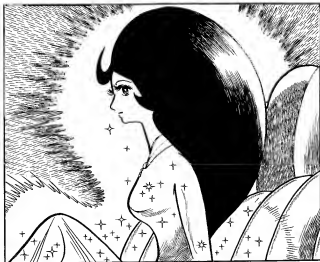


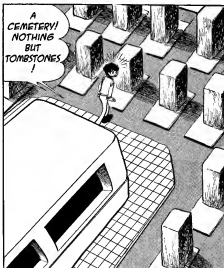






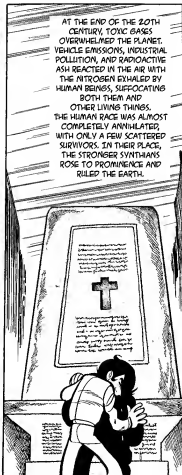


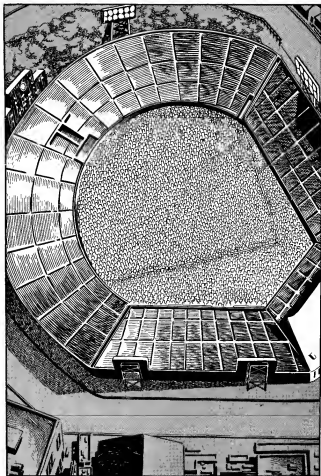




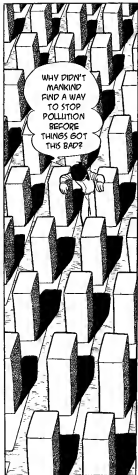




















THE FLOOR!



OOO!



WHAT THE? LOCKING ME UP, HUH?

IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME, GO AHEAD AND DO IT!



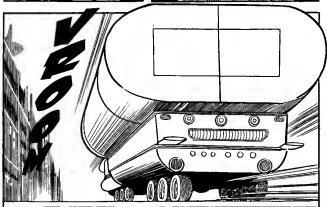
NO, WE'RE NOT GOING TO KILL YOU.

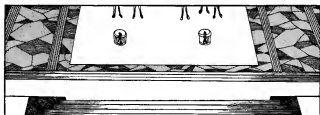
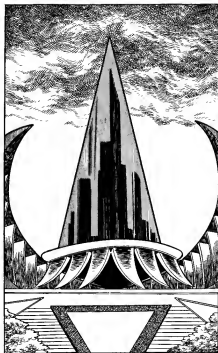
QUITE THE CONTRARY... WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE TASTE OF HEAVEN.

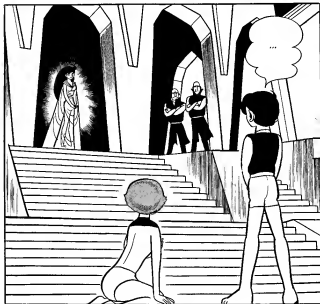
IF YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF, THAT IS...

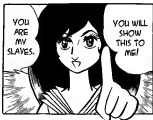


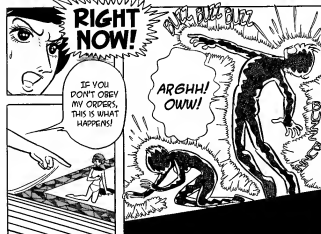
FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY TO HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY:



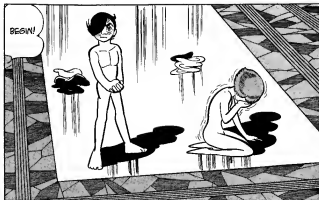




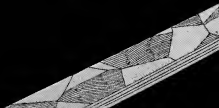








DON'T JUST
LOUNGE THERE!
DO YOU
WANT TO BE
PUNISHED
AGAIN?





KEEP QUIET
AND DO
AS I SAY.
WE'LL FOOL
HER WITH
KISSING...

HOW
LONG DO
YOU PLAN
TO KEEP
KISSING?

I'VE
SEEN
ENOUGH
OF THAT
ALREADY.

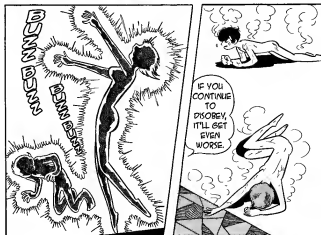
YOU'RE
LIKE
ROBOTS,
JUST
STANDING
THERE...

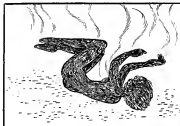
EVEN
ROBOTS
CAN
MIMIC
THAT
KIND OF
THING!

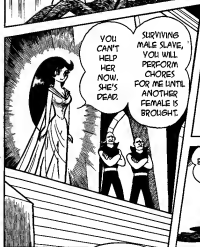
I WISH TO
SEE THE ACT
OF LOVE!

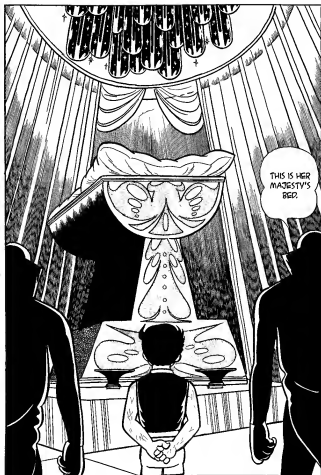
I'LL
BET THE
SYNTHANS
HAVE
NEVER
KISSED,
LET
ALONE
MADE
LOVE.

SHOW
ME HOW
HUMANS
PRODUCE
BABIES!







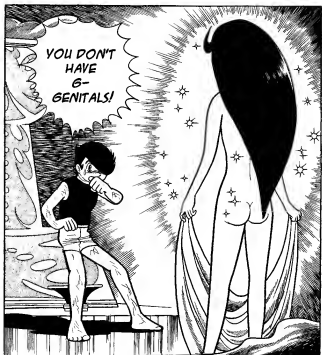
















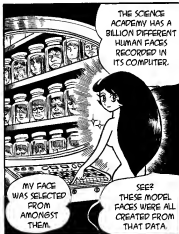
BECAUSE WE
DON'T BEAR
CHILDREN,
WE OF COURSE
DON'T NEED
GENITALS.



THEN WHY
DO YOU
LOOK JUST
LIKE A
HUMAN
WOMAN
I KNOW?



WHAT A
STUPID
QUESTION!



THE SCIENCE
ACADEMY HAS A
BILLION DIFFERENT
HUMAN FACES
RECORDED IN
ITS COMPUTER.

MY FACE
WAS SELECTED
FROM
AMONGST
THEM.

SEE?
THESE MODEL
FACES WERE ALL
CREATED FROM
THAT DATA.

SO THE
SEVERED
HEADS I SAW
BACK THERE
WERE SYNTHIAN
HEADS?

AND THE DATA
FOR HIROMI
WATARI'S FACE
IS IN THAT
COMPUTER
AS WELL?

NOW
YOU
UNDERSTAND,
YOU
FOOLISH
HUMAN
BOY?

HA HA
HA HA!
YOU LOOK
TERRIBLY
DISAPPOINTED
!

THIS
HUMAN
YOU CALL
HIROMI
WATARI...

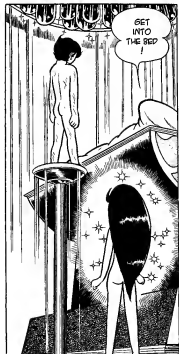
WAS
SHE
YOUR
SWEET-
HEART
?

YOU
WERE IN
LOVE!

RIGHT
?

I'VE NEVER
LOVED
A WOMAN.

I SEE RIGHT
THROUGH
YOUR LIES.



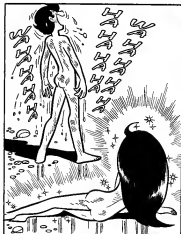


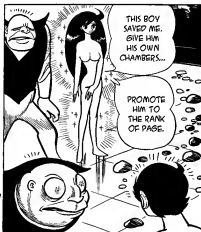








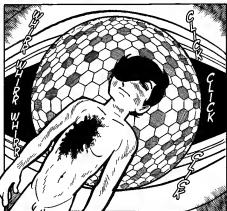


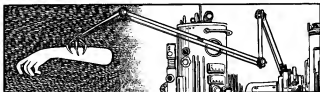










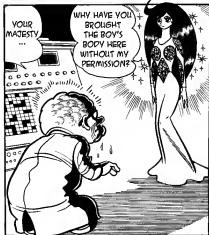




CLONING

IN 1964, THE AMERICAN SCIENTIST DR. F. C. STEWARD MADE IT KNOWN THAT WHEN A PIECE OF CARROT WAS CULTIVATED IN A SPECIAL MEDIUM, ITS CELLS REPRODUCED TO FORM A NEW CARROT THAT WAS AN EXACT REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL. SUBSEQUENT RESEARCH FOUND THAT ANY SPECIES OF PLANT COULD BE REPRODUCED IN THE SAME MANNER UNDER THE RIGHT CONDITIONS. IN OTHER WORDS, INFINITE COPIES OF A SINGLE ORGANISM COULD BE PRODUCED WITHOUT SEEDS/ DR. J. B. GURDON CALLED THE PHENOMENON "CLONING" AND SUCCEEDED IN GROWING A TADPOLE FROM A CELL NUCLEUS. THE CLONED FROG WAS THE PERFECT TWIN OF ITS ORIGINAL. IT IS SAID THAT, ONE DAY, EVEN HUMAN CLONING WILL BE POSSIBLE.





HE'S BEEN DEAD
QUITE SOME TIME...
HE MAY BE
BRAIN DEAD...



BRING HIM BACK
TO LIFE, OR I'LL
EXECUTE YOU ALL!



OOH UM
OH AH



I'VE BEEN
IN THIS
HOSPITAL
BEFORE!

I REMEMBER
NOW...
THE P.M.
SHOT ME...

YOU
DIED.

BUT SO
LONG AS YOUR
BRAIN SURVIVES,
WE CAN ALWAYS
RESTORE YOU WITH
SYNTH-O-MEAT!



SHOT AND
REVIVED,
THEN SHOT
AND REVIVED
AGAIN!

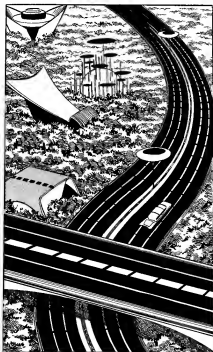


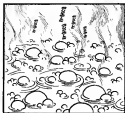
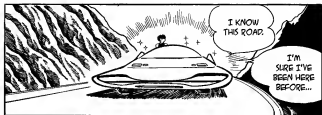
MY ARM!

THIS
ISN'T
MY
ARM!

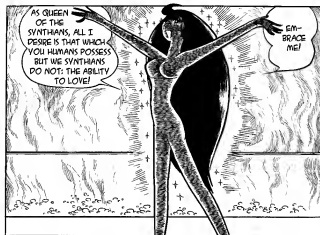








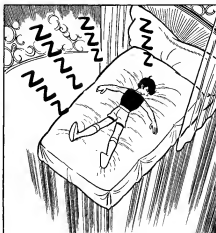






















EVEN
TURNING
AWAY
DOOR-
TO-DOOR
SALESMEN.



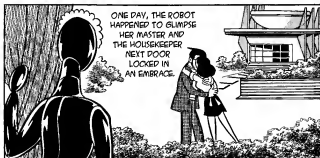
HER
MASTER
WAS VERY
PLEASED
WITH HER.



THE ROBOT MADE
EVERY EFFORT
TO IMITATE
A HUMAN
WOMAN,



EVEN PERFECTING
WOMANLY
GESTURES AND
MANNERS.



ONE DAY, THE ROBOT
HAPPENED TO GLIMPSE
HER MASTER AND
THE HOUSEKEEPER
NEXT DOOR
LOCKED IN
AN EMBRACE.



SHE OBSERVED
THE EXACT
TECHNIQUE
AND
MASTERED IT.

AS SOON AS
HER MASTER
GOT HOME,
THE ROBOT
GAVE IT A TRY.
SHE SQUEEZED HIM
WITH ALL OF
HER MIGHT.
HIS BONES SNAPPED
IN HER ARMS,
BUT SHE HELD
HIM TIGHT FOR
A WHOLE HOUR.



THE ROBOT
STARED
AT HER
MASTER'S
CRUMPLED
BODY
AND
COCKED
HER
HEAD.

I LOVED
YOU SO.
WASN'T IT
ENOUGH?



ROBOTS AND
SYNTHIANS MAY
NOT BE THE SAME,
BUT BOTH WERE
ORIGINALLY
CREATED BY
HUMAN BEINGS.



SYNTHIANS
MAY SEE
HUMANS AS
INFERIOR AND
REPULSIVE...
BUT LOVE...
LOVE BELONGS
TO HUMAN
BEINGS!

TRY AS AN
ARTIFICIAL BEING
MIGHT, YOU CAN'T
IMITATE LOVE.



THAT'S NOT
TRUE!
I'M ON
THE VERGE OF
MASTERING
LOVE!



WOULD
YOU LIKE
TO HEAR
MY
PROOF?

I LOVE
YOU!

















NOW MY BODY
IS EXACTLY LIKE
THAT OF A
HUMAN BEING!

LOOK AT ME NOW,
SHOBO!









FOR EXAMPLE,
ONE TIME...

GET OUT!
SHOGO,
YOU'RE
NO LONGER
MY SON!

I HOPE
YOU DIE
IN A GUTTER
SOMEWHERE

FINE. WHO
NEEDS
A MOTHER
LIKE YOU
ANYWAY!



LATER,
YOU OLD
HAB!



WATCH OUT!



MOTHER'S EYES
THAT TIME...
I'D NEVER SEEN HER
THAT WAY BEFORE.
HER EYES SPOKE
VOLUMES...



EVEN WHEN YOU
HATE SOMEONE,
SOMETIMES
SOMETHING
UNEXPECTED CAN
UNEARTH FEELINGS
FROM DEEP IN
YOUR HEART.



CAN YOU
UNDER-
STAND
HOW THAT
FEELS?



WANNA
HEAR
ANOTHER
STORY?



I HAD
STARTED
TORTURING
ANIMALS.
ONE DAY



A STRAY
CAT GAVE
BIRTH TO
SOME KITTENS
OFF BY
THE SIDE OF
THE ROAD.



IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE HOW
SHE DOTTED ON THEM.
SHE LICKED THEM
ALL DAY LONG.
SHE EVEN LICKED
UP THEIR TURDS.



IT MADE
ME SO
ANGRY!



I DECIDED TO SNATCH
THE KITTENS AWAY
AND STOMP THEM
TO DEATH!



DO YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT MOTHER
CAT DID?



SHE ATE
HER OWN BABIES!
I WAS SHOCKED.



IT WAS
BAFFLING:
WHEN PUSH
CAME TO
SHOVE, EVEN
PARENTS TURN
AGAINST
THEIR KIDS!



BUT LATER,
WHEN I ASKED
MY TEACHER AT
SCHOOL...



HE EXPLAINED THAT THE MOTHER
LOVED HER BABIES SO MUCH,
SHE COULDN'T
HELP DOING
WHAT SHE DID
TO KEEP
A PREDATOR
FROM GETTING
THEM.



IS THAT
SOMETHING
A
SYNTHIAN
CAN
UNDER-
STAND?



ENOUGH
OF THESE
STORIES



I
ONLY WANT
TO HEAR
ABOUT
YOU!

TELL ME
MORE
ABOUT
YOUR-
SELF!









BIBIMBA!



QUEEN,
THE
ROYAL
CENTER
HAS TOLD
ME
EVERY-
THING.

PLEASE
REMOVE
YOUR
CLOTHING.



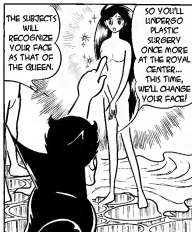
I DON'T
WANT TO USE
FORCE...
YOUR
CLOTHING,
PLEASE...



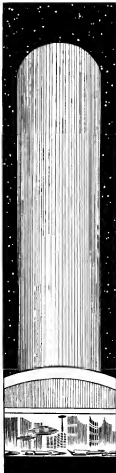
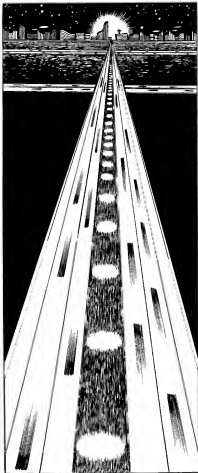
SO YOU
DID HAVE
THE
OPERATION!









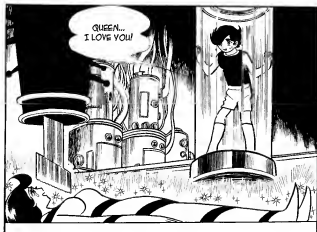






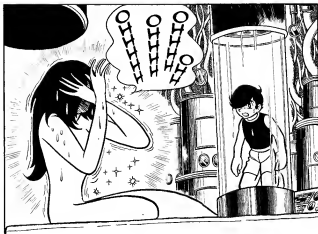
**NO!
DON'T
CHANGE
THE
QUEEN'S
FACE!**



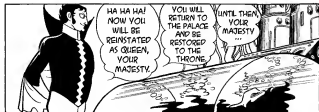








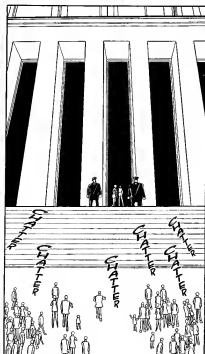


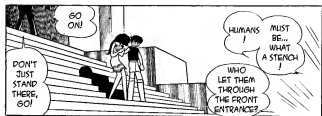


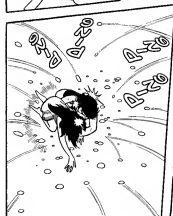


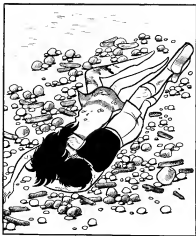
WE HAVE ALREADY DISCUSSED
THE PHENOMENON
OF CLONING.
THE QUEEN WAS BEING
REGENERATED FROM HER HEAD
THROUGH CELL PROPAGATION.
THE ARTIFICIAL REPRODUCTIVE
ORGANS SHE ACQUIRED
THROUGH PLASTIC SURGERY
WOULDN'T REAPPEAR,
AS THEY WEREN'T
PART OF HER
ORIGINALLY.



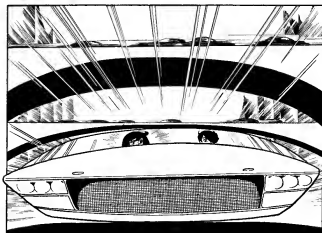
















I SUPPOSE
THAT
WAS AN
EXPRESSION
OF "LOVE"?

I KNOW YOU
LOVE ME!
YOU SAID SO,
JUST AS
THEY WERE
CLIPPING
MY HEAD
OFF!

I DID?
THAT'S
NEWS
TO ME.



TRY IT
AGAIN
...



YOU'VE
PIQUED MY
INTEREST
...



...

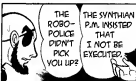


**NO!
YOU'RE
NOT
SHOGO!**

YOU'RE
A SYNTHIAN...
INCAPABLE
OF EMOTION
...

I WILL
PRACTICE
SO THAT
I MIGHT
PLEASE YOU,
YOUR
MAJESTY.

**NO!
FAKING
IT ISN'T
ENOUGH!**

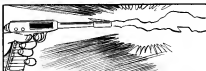


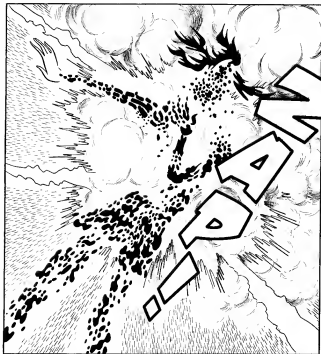


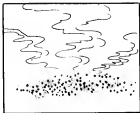








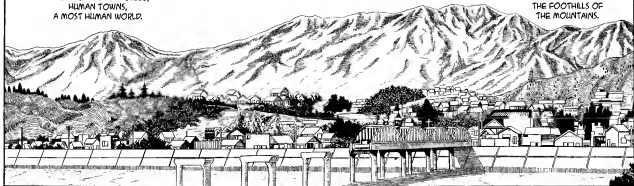






IMPOVERISHED,
MESSY AND CRAMPED,
DUM...
THESE ARE HUMAN HOUSES,
HUMAN TOWNS,
A MOST HUMAN WORLD.

DRIVEN FROM THE CITIES
BY THE SYNTHIANS,
HUMAN BEINGS BUILT
SHANTYTOWNS IN
THE FOOTHILLS OF
THE MOUNTAINS.



HEHEHEH...
WELL? ARE
YOU FEELING
HUMAN AGAIN?



THE
TEA ON
RICE IS
GOOD,
ISN'T IT?

AND HOW
DO YOU
LIKE THEM,
RADISH
PICKLES?



BEAUTIFUL, AIN'T
IT? THIS IS THE
HUMAN WORLD!
HUMANS KNOW
SOMETHING
ABOUT HARMONY
WITH NATURE,
WITH THE
EARTH.

LOOK AT
THEM,
GREEN
HILLS!



I WANNA
SHOW YOU
SOMETHIN'.
COME ON!



C'MON...
WE'LL
CLIMB
TO THE
TOP.



EVERY-
THING
BEYOND
HERE...

IS THE SYNTHIAN WORLD,
TAKE A GOOD LOOK!
THEY CUT THE MOUNTAIN CLEAR IN HALF
AND WIPED OUT EVERY LAST TREE,
BLADE OF GRASS, AND BUG!
NO CHARM, NO WARMTH!
LOOK AT THEIR HOMES!



THAT USED TO
BE MT. FUJI.
NOW IT'S
A SPACE
CENTER.

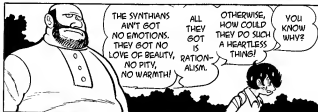


THE SYNTHIANS
AIN'T GOT
NO EMOTIONS.
THEY GOT NO
LOVE OF BEAUTY,
NO PITY,
NO WARMTH!

ALL
THEY
GOT
IS
RATION-
ALISM.

OTHERWISE,
HOW COULD
THEY DO SUCH
A HEARTLESS
THING!

YOU
KNOW
WHY?



THEY
WERE
MODELED
AFTER
CITY
FOLK!



BACK AROUND 1970,
CITY FOLK DID ALL KINDS OF
STUPID THINGS TO MAKE LIFE
MORE "EFFICIENT": BUILDING
FACTORIES SMACK DAB IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY,
DRIVING AROUND IN CARS
WITHOUT CARING IF THEY
POLLUTED THE AIR...



THEY DUMPED TOXINS IN
THE RIVERS AND OCEANS
AND WENT RIGHT ON
EATING CANNED FOODS
WITH TOXINS IN 'EM!
AND THEY KEPT ON
DIGGING UP LAND
TO BUILD HOMES...





BY THE TIME
THEY SAW WHAT
WAS HAPPENING,
IT WAS TOO LATE!
THE CITIES WERE PILED HIGH
WITH CORPSES 'CAUSE OF
THE POISONOUS BASES!
AND THE SYNTHIANS
THEY DONE MADE WITH
THEIR CLONING MAGIC
TOOK AFTER THE CITY
SLICKERS WHO
MADE 'EM!



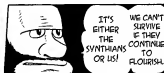
THE SYNTHIANS
LOOK DOWN ON
FOLKS LIKE ME
WHO LIVE
A HUMAN
LIFESTYLE.



TO THEM,
BABY ANIMALS
AIN'T CUTE.



FLOWERS
AIN'T
BEAUTIFUL.



IT'S
EITHER
THE
SYNTHIANS
OR US!

WE CAN'T
SURVIVE
IF THEY
CONTINUE
TO
FLOURISH.



WHAT IF
SYNTHIANS
DEVELOP
HUMAN
FEELINGS
?





BUT
THE
QUEEN
IS DEAD!

WAS
SHE
REBORN
AGAIN?



OH,
RIGHT!

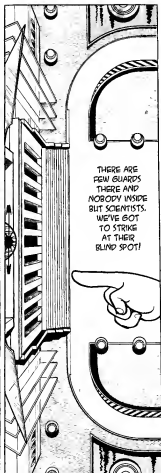
HER
HEAD!



THEY MADE
ANOTHER
QUEEN
FROM
HER HEAD!

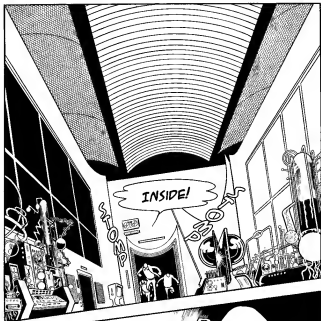






THERE ARE
FEW GUARDS
THERE AND
NOBODY INSIDE
BUT SCIENTISTS.
WE'VE GOT
TO STRIKE
AT THEIR
BLIND SPOT!









THESE ARE ALL
THE QUEEN'S BODY!
SOME OF THEM
AREN'T EVEN
FINISHED YET.

ALL RIGHT,
YOU! WHAT
ON EARTH'S
GOING ON
HERE?
TELL US!

P.M. BIBIMBA
ORDERED US
TO REGENERATE
THE QUEEN
FROM A PIECE
OF HER BODY.

OVER AND OVER!
WE'VE REMADE
THE QUEEN...
OH...FIFTY
TIMES OR SO!!

BUT EVERY
TIME WE HAD
TO REDO IT.

FOR SOME
REASON...





WE'VE TRIED
EVERYTHING.
WE SCIENTISTS
CAN DO NOTHING
TO ALTER THE
QUEEN'S HEART.



LOOK
ALL THE
SCIENTISTS
IN ONE
ROOM!

TWO OF YOU—
DISPOSE OF
THE BOTCHED
QUEENS!



DON'T
DO
THIS!

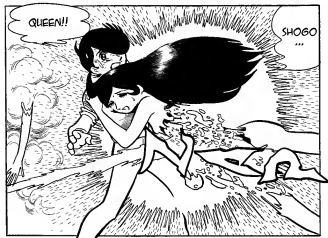


SHOGO, I'M SURE
IT'S GRATIFYING
TO BE SO
ADORED BY
THE SYNTHIAN
QUEEN.

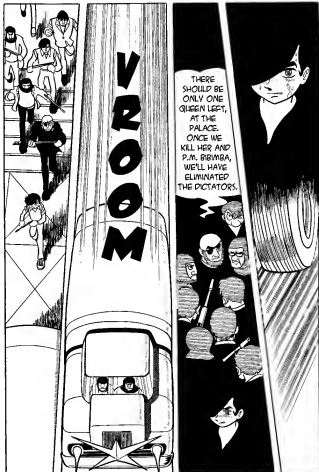
BUT I'M AFRAID
I CAN'T LISTEN
TO YOUR
WISHES.







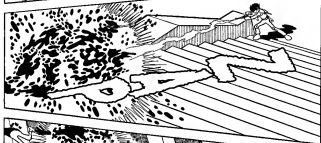




THERE
SHOULD BE
ONLY ONE
QUEEN LEFT,
AT THE
PALACE.
ONCE WE
KILL HER AND
P.M. BIVIMBA,
WE'LL HAVE
ELIMINATED
THE DICTATORS.

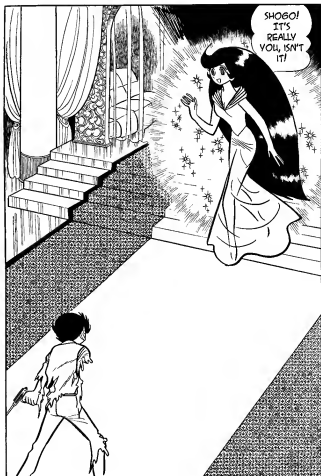






QUEEN





I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS DAY!
I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK! I KNEW IT!

Nobody can come between us now! The P.M. and the Freedom Fighters are all dead! You and I can go wherever we want!

A black and white manga-style illustration depicting a character being launched into the air. The character is shown in mid-air, with their body arched as if they have just been thrown or are falling. A large, bold speech bubble containing the sound effect "BAH!" is positioned near the character's head. In the background, another character is visible, looking down at the falling figure. The scene is framed by diagonal lines, suggesting a transition or a specific perspective.





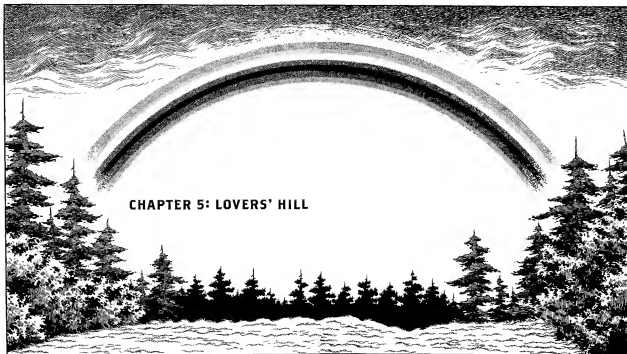












CHAPTER 5: LOVERS' HILL

















DID
YOU
FIND
HIM?

SEE, I TOLD
YOU! HE RAN
OFF BEFORE
YOU WOKE UP!



LET'S GO
TO THE
CABIN.
YOU CAN
HAVE A
REST
THERE.



DEAR DOCTOR,
THIS IS YOUR STUDENT, HIROMI WATARI.
I AM NOW LIVING IN A MOUNTAIN CABIN DEEP IN HAKONE
WITH A PATIENT NAMED SHOBO CHIKASHI.
YOU KNOW HIM WELL, DON'T YOU, DOCTOR?
THAT'S RIGHT, THE SAME PATIENT WHO WAS IN YOUR CARE
BEFORE HE ESCAPED FROM THE HOSPITAL.

DOCTOR, I'VE BEEN WATCHING OVER SHOBO FOR
SOME TIME NOW. MY OBJECTIVE WAS TO DETERMINE
THE ROOT OF HIS PERSONALITY ISSUES,
HIS AVERSION TO LOVE, AND TO ATTEMPT METHODS
OF TREATING HIM. KNOWING HOW TENACIOUS
HE IS AND HOW STRONG HIS LEGS ARE,
I HAVE BEEN TRAINING HIM AS A MARATHON RUNNER.
AT FIRST, HE WAS EXTREMELY DISTRUSTFUL,
BUT HE HAS COME TO LISTEN TO EVERYTHING I SAY.



SHOGO'S TERRIBLE
CRUELTY IS ROOTED
IN A COMPLEX HE
DEVELOPED AS A CHILD.
FROM A VERY YOUNG
AGE, WHENEVER HE
WITNESSED LOVE
AND TENDERNESS,
HE WAS SUBJECTED TO
THE TERROR OF BEING
SEVERELY BEATEN
BY HIS MOTHER.

THAT FEAR
DEVELOPED
INTO
HATRED,
AND
A LOATHING
OF LOVE
ITSELF.

I HAVE
BEEN
TREATING
SHOGO WITH
GREAT CARE.
WHEN
HE ASKED
ME FOR
A KISS,
I WILLINGLY
COMPLIED.



DOCTOR, SHOGO
IS BEGINNING
TO UNDERSTAND
THE SANCTITY OF LOVE,
SLOWLY BUT SURELY.
AT THE SAME TIME,
HE HAS BEGUN TO
DEVELOP FEELINGS
FOR ME.
MY EXPERIMENT
IS A SUCCESS.
BUT, DOCTOR,
WHAT SHALL I DO?
SHOGO IS NOW
IN LOVE
WITH ME!



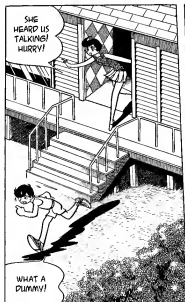


























YOU POOR
THING!
HOW
AWFUL!

YOU
MUSTN'T
DIE!



AH...



OH, THANK
GOODNESS!



HEHEH... HIROMI,
I WON'T LET
ANYONE ELSE
HAVE YOU. EVEN IF IT
KILLS ME.

YOU
BELONG
ONLY
TO ME.



SHOGO
SAID
THAT?

YES. BUT I THOUGHT
HE MEANT IT THE WAY
A CHILD TRIES TO KEEP
HIS MOTHER OR SISTER
ALL TO HIMSELF.









ON THE BANKS OF
THE THESSALIA RIVER
IN GREECE, DAPHNE SAT
RUNNING HER FINGERS
THROUGH HER HAIR.
SHE WAS THE LOVELIEST
MAIDEN IN THE WORLD.

WHO SHOULD
COME RIDING BY
BUT APOLLO,
TRAVERSING
THE HEAVENS
ASTRIDE
THE STEEDS
OF THE SUN.

SON OF
THE KING
OF THE GODS,
JUPITER,
APOLLO WAS
THE GOD
OF CULTURE
AND OF
MEDICINE.

EVEN FOR A GOD,
APOLLO POSSESSED
GREAT BEAUTY,
MANLINESS,
AND MAJESTY.
MANY A YOUTH
AND MAIDEN
BECAME SLAVES
TO HIS CHARM.

BUT WHEN
APOLLO SAW
THE MAIDEN
DAPHNE,
HIS HEART
KNEW LOVE
FOR THE
FIRST
TIME.





DON'T BE
FRIGHTENED.
MY NAME IS
APOLLO.
I AM A DOCTOR,
A MUSICIAN,
AND A SKILLED
ARCHER!

COME AND
BE MERRY
WITH ME!
I WILL
SURELY
BRING YOU
JOY!





THE MAIDEN
DAPHNE WAS
THE DAUGHTER
OF PENEUS,
THE RIVER GOD.
PURSUED BY
APOLLO, SHE
DESPERATELY
SOUGHT HER
FATHER'S AID.

FATHER,
FATHER!
SAVE ME!
HIDE ME!

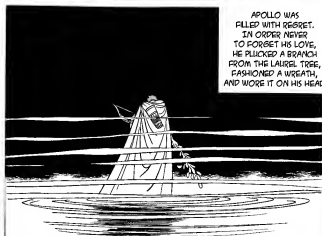
GOT
YOU!



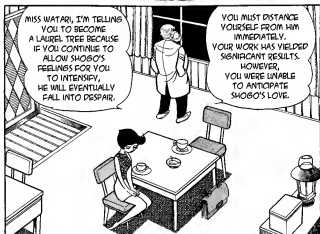
APOLLO CAUGHT
DAPHNE AT
THE RIVERBANK.
JUST THEN,
PENEUS
TURNED HER
INTO A TREE.
A LAUREL
TREE.

MAIDEN!!





EVER SINCE, THEY TELL,
THE LAUREL WREATH
SERVED AS A SYMBOL
OF GLORY FOR
GREEKS AND ROMANS
AND WAS WORN BY
HONORED MEN.

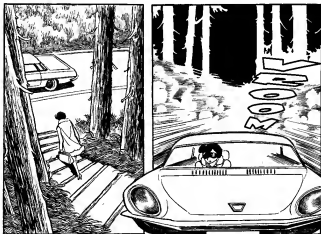


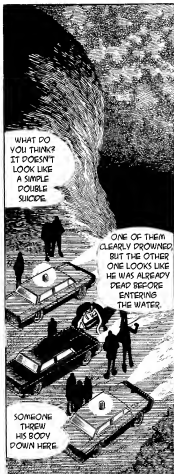




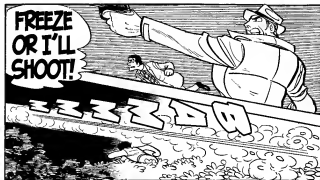


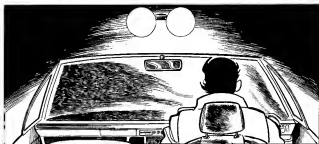






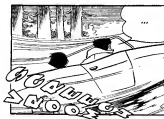






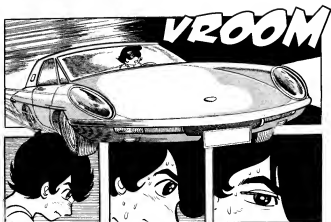


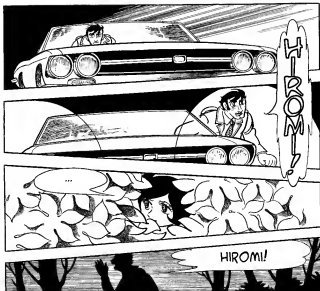










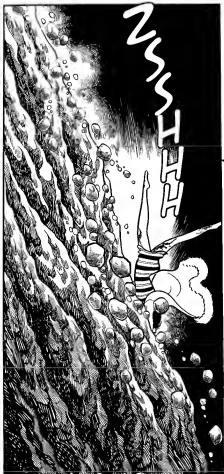








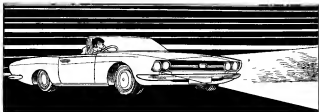




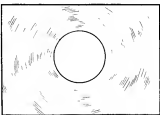








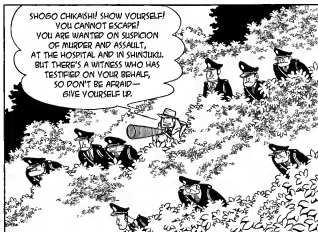


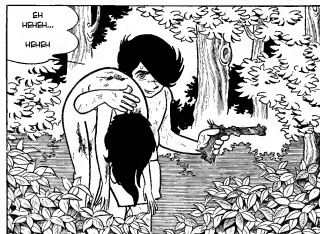




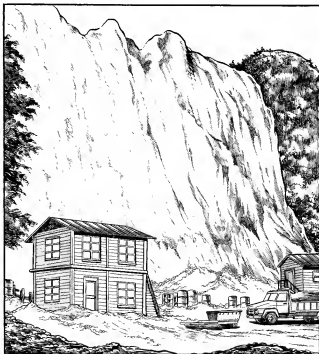




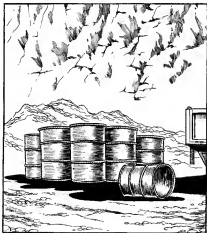


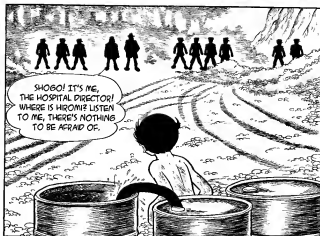












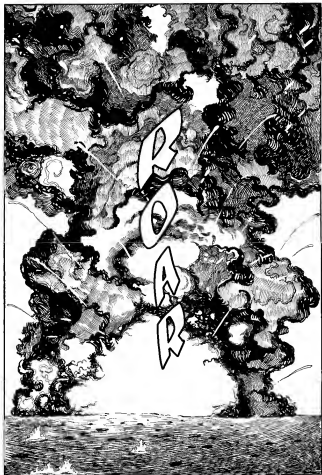


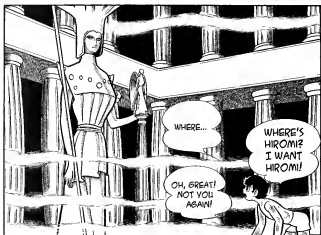
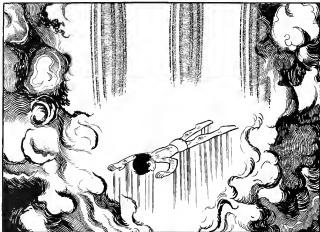




















THE
EMBRYO:



THE
MARK
OF
SINCERE
LOVE





AS LONG AS
THE WORLD EXISTS,
MEN, WOMEN,
AND THE CHILDREN
THEY BEAR
WILL REPEAT
THIS ENDLESS DRAMA,
DAY AFTER DAY...

T H E E N D



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The gods, with their poetic justice, can be unrelenting. Just ask the young cynic Shogo, who sinned against love. Electroshock therapy was only meant to bring him face to face with his own violent misdeeds, but instead landed him in the court of a stern goddess.

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(CONTINUED ON BACK FLAP)

PRAISE FOR OSAMU TEZUKA

"Paging through *Buddha* by Osamu Tezuka is revelatory, like hearing the Beatles for the first time." - *Rochester City Newspaper*

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- *Publishers Weekly*

"One does not speak of Tezuka's weaknesses. There aren't any."
- *AnimeNewsNetwork.com*

Osamu Tezuka (1928-89) is the godfather of Japanese manga comics. He originally intended to become a doctor and earned his degree before turning to what was still then considered a frivolous medium. His many early masterpieces include the series known in the U.S. as *Astro Boy*. With his sweeping vision, deftly intertwined plots, and indefatigable commitment to human dignity, Tezuka elevated manga to an art form. Other works available from Vertical include the medical thriller *Ode to Kirihiro* and the eight-volume epic *Buddha*, winner of the Eisner and Harvey Awards.

Cover design by Chip Kidd

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